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RECEIPT TO MAKE A ROUT,

IN A LETTER FROM MISS ROSINA ROOMFILL OF RIOT ROW, LONDON; TO MISS RACHEL
RUSSET OF HOMESPUN HALL, NORTH WALES.

Dear Rachel—

With grief I perused your last letter,
But trust that your sorrows, like mine, are now better ;
Acutely, I'm sure, I could feel your distress,
At staining your kerchief and white satin dress ;
So friends in misfortunes should sympathize hearty,
But, bless me ! how could you make tea for a party ?
Some old-fashion'd whim of Papa's, I suppose,
Who, like my aunt Dorcas, no modern mode knows !
No wonder such customs give rise to such ills !
The thing is quite out, my dear, — old as your hills !
Our housekeepers here such affairs understand,
Or footmen, or housemaids—if none else at hand—
But stop ;—as I wish to inform you aright,
And I go to no more than *three* parties to-night,
I'll write you instructions, a simple detail,
How *we* manage matters, when friends we regale—
That is, when we make a sensation—a rout—
The house in disorder half-turn'd inside out,
The street full of noise and the knocker a-going,
The servants all running, yet whither scarce knowing !
So loud, and so long, and alarming their hits,
They fright you, dear cousin, quite out of your wits !
To place my receipt on your housekeeping-file,
I couch it in Glasse's* and Kitchiner's* style ;
'Twill serve as a guide to what you ought to do,
Till Fashion—dear Fashion!—strikes out something new.

Take of—

All ages—both sexes—enough for a squeeze—
Your rooms about heated to ninety degrees—
(The closer they're packed the more note you acquire,
When men scarce can breathe and our sex half-expire !)
Of cards, and card-tables, a numerous set-out,
With crabbed old whist-folks to scold, or to pout ;
A harp and piano in one corner strumming,
A few singers screaming, some amateurs humming ;
Some books with fine bindings, and prints for a show,
Old china, and nick-nacks drawn up in a row.
Of all things a *lion*—or female, or male,
Whom loungers may gaze at, and talkers assail ;
Some pretty young girls, with a sprinkling of rakes,
Abundance of ices, tarts, fruits, jellies, cakes ;
Tea and coffee of course—if they both be not spoiled,
The ingredients left out, or the water half-boiled !
Of wines and punch (*Roman*) a goodly supply,
Provided folks get them—which some in vain try !
And then, after *twelve*, if your rooms do not fill,
Get up, as a chance thought, a carpet quadrille,
For *twelve* is our evening in London—though few
In Dublin, I hear, come before one or two,
When the men, of their wit and their whiskey quite full
In the drawing-room launch out a jest or a bull,
As good country people who aim at some *ton*,
Conceive they're in fashion, when fashion's o'er-done.

* Writers of well known cookery books, and consequently familiar to all good housewives.

This medley (the live part,) to keep well in tune,
 Requires your oft running the round of the room ;
 To cheer and to sweeten with smiles and soft words,
 With anecdotes, jests, or what flattery affords ;
 With wit if you have it, and if you have not,
 A slight dash of scandal should not be forgot ;
 I need not say *how*—you yourself must judge *when*—
 But pun, or grimace you may leave to the men.
 At all hazards talk, upon any pretence,
 We never, at such times, care much about sense,
 And should you desire to show-off in the crowd
 A proof of your fashion, be sure to talk loud.

This done turn the mass to and fro, and about,
 Stew well, and your name will be up for a rout ;
 And if, sick or faint, some should give themselves airs,
 Like scum, they flow off o'er the landings and stairs !

And now, my dear girl, having dropt you this hint,
 (Take care by the bye it gets not into print,
 For the wits at a loss for a quiz against town,
 Might use it to laugh us, or run us quite down,)

Adieu, and believe me with constant good-will,
 Your affectionate cousin—

ROSINA ROOMFILL.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

I saw a young mother, as softly she smiled,
 Like an image of beauty revealed,
 With a brow and a breast by a cloud undefiled,
 A-seeking her boy in a rose-covered wild,
 While the innocent laugh of the light hearted child
 Told where he was lying concealed.

I saw that young mother's pale cheek and dim eye,
 As she watched o'er her lov'd one in vain ;
 " He's sleeping," she tremblingly murmured—a cry
 Of dismay and bereavement ascended on high,
 For ah, that deep slumber may never pass by,
 He never shall kiss thee again !

The sun hath just sunk on the mountain's high crest,
 And his banner-cloud streams o'er the wave ;
 Why sighs that fair girl, as she looks to the west ?
 Why clings she more close to that steel-circled breast ?
 Hath she heard the chill presage the night-breeze expressed ?
 Or seen 'midst that brightness a grave ?

From thine aspect, young warrior ! that vanishing ray
 Might seem a fresh lustre to borrow ;
 But joy, like the setting beam, fadeth away,
 The flowers that blow fairest are first to decay,
 Thou'rt smiling beside thy beloved one to-day,
 But she shall be lonely to-morrow !

Lo ! one mighty genius ! all freedom's and thine,
 Ascends like a god through the gloom,
 And lights, to lost nations a beacon divine,
 The wide-spreading incense of liberty's shrine ;—
 Alas ! it is only the torch to resign,
 He is wrapped in the cloud of the tomb.

And veiled is the eye which so radiantly spoke,
 And hushed is that eloquent breath,
 And quenched the free spirit that fearlessly broke,
 When tyrants would fetter, or slaves bear the yoke :—
 How sudden, how reckless is destiny's stroke,
 How awful thy doings, O Death !

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